Dedication of the Memorial

... To ...

Henry Huttleston Rogers

DEDICATION

OF THE

MEMORIAL MONUMENT

TO

HENRY HUTTLESTON ROGERS

JANUARY 29, 1912

TOWN HALL

FAIRHAVEN, MASSACHUSETTS

ISSUED BY
THE MILLICENT LIBRARY,
FAIRHAVEN, MASS.

C. D. WALDRON, PRINTER

INTRODUCTION.

The Millicent Library publishes this pamphlet that there may be preserved in convenient and permanent form a record of the proceedings connected with the dedication of the monument erected by the people of Fairhaven to the memory of Henry Huttleston Rogers. This memorial was made possible by an immediate and widespread response to the suggestion that some evidence be given by the townspeople of their appreciation of his many benefactions. It will ever stand as a reminder to all, that the citizens realize to how great an extent the beauty and advantages of Fairhaven are due to his thoughtfulness and generosity.

The design for the monument was made and presented by the firm of Brigham, Coveney, and Bisbee, architects, of Boston. The shaft was erected in the fall of 1911 and the formal dedication took place in the town hall on the evening of January 29, 1912, the anniversary of the birth of Mr. Rogers.

PROGRAMME.

GLORIA—"Glory and power and majesty" *Bordese*
From Mass in F
HIGH SCHOOL CHORUS

PRAYER
REV. FRANK L. PHALEN

ADDRESS
MR. GEORGE H. TRIPP

HYMN—"It singeth low in every heart" *Griggs*
John W. Chadwick

TRANSFER OF MONUMENT TO THE TOWN
MR. THOMAS A. TRIPP
Chairman of the Finance Committee

ACCEPTANCE OF MONUMENT BY THE TOWN
MR. CHARLES P. MAXFIELD
Chairman Board of Selectmen

RECESSIONAL—"God of our fathers known of old" *Boyd*
Rudyard Kipling

Address.

MR. GEORGE H. TRIPP.

At the entrance to the town which he loved, stands the simple monument which we dedicate today, a granite shaft erected by the grateful citizens of this town in the hundredth year of its incorporation, to commemorate its most famous citizen. We meet to give a formal expression of our gratification at the completion of a work which has been a labor of love; not an imposing statue in bronze or marble, which would have offended his sense of propriety, but a memorial erected by the willing contributions of all people and classes in this community, from the glad offerings of the children in the schools, to the larger contributions of their elders. We are here to dedicate a modest shaft to the memory of a man whose relations to his native town were simple, artless, and sincere; a man whose multiplied business cares, whose progress from the village boy, through all the stages of his successful career, wonderful as the realization of Aladdin's dream, never severed or loosed his affections, or changed his constant attachment to the place and the people of his own town.

We commemorate him, not as a hero of warfare, not as a statesman whose voice was heard in senate chamber, but as a great prince of industry, who from humble beginnings raised himself, by his own far-seeing wisdom, his skill, and unremitting toil, to a commanding position among the world's greatest business leaders, with a seat at the council boards of the greatest

organized industries. But it is not alone or mainly a great captain of industry or financial magnate that we honor in this way, but a man, whose intrinsic worth, what he was, his achievements, what he accomplished, and his benefactions, what he did for others, we honor, and give a place in the warmest affections of the people of Fairhaven. We liked the man for what he was. We who knew him well saw beneath the surface. To some he was as the rock in the ledge, weather-worn and scarred with the tumult of battle with the elements. We knew that as in the Fort ledge, which furnished the stone for his church and school, the deeper below the surface we went, the purer the grain, the more beautiful the texture.

And what was the man as a man? Dr. Collier, a friend of years, and his family pastor, who had consoled him in the hour of affliction, who had married his children, who had administered to him as a close friend for many years, this keen Scotchman said: "He was a man of clean heart, pure manhood, pure in speech." A writer in the New York Times said: "Courtesy of a very special kind, running even to over consideration for others, was his most marked characteristic." This showed itself sometimes in apparently trivial matters. Because some people were awakened or disturbed by the whistle of his yacht, which came into the harbor early Friday or Saturday mornings, Mr. Rogers gave orders that the whistle should not blow, and it was suppressed.

A man of innate refinement, of distinguished presence—it was a liberal education to know him. He was with all his sturdy Americanism the personification of courtesy. Polished in his manners, careful of his dignity, he never demeaned himself by rudeness, or lowered his standard as a gentleman of the old school, transplanted into the personality of a modern business man. Prompt, punctual to the minute, he demanded like qualities in others. This same promptness he expected in hours of relaxation. If the Kanawha was to start on a pleasure trip of a few days, and the time of leaving was ten o'clock, his friends would find him on the dock before the hour. They did not have to wait for the owner's convenience. His choice of intimates and of those to whom he gave his confidence was a true index of the man. He admired talent and true worth—whether Samuel C. Clemens, in white, or Booker T. Washington, in black, T. B. Reed, Laurence Hutton——he recognized good work, and admired the brilliant accomplishments of his literary friends, as well as the results of men who succeeded in the business world.

In domestic life he was beyond reproach as husband, father, grandfather. He was no sentimentalist, but was profoundly affected by sentiment. This was notably manifest in all pertaining to the people and places connected with his youth. Every school friend he remembered, and all anniversaries of his school life were commemorated. Annual meetings of the Fairhaven Alumni association were made delightful by his witty reminiscences, and the contagion of his happy retrospect of old times. The fiftieth anniversary celebration of the opening of the Fairhaven High school will never be forgotten by any who attended the wonderful programme of events covering three days, crowned by a banquet, the like of which was never seen in this town—all made possible and largely provided through his

sentimental attachment to the friends and schoolmates of his boyhood. Then, on the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation from that school, the new building which he had provided was opened for school use, and the children of the town were seated in the building which was to be their school home for the future.

His loyalty to his friends was characteristic of the man. His ideal friendship for Walter P. Winsor, alas! with us no more, was intensified by the remembrance of a thoughtful act of kindness which Mr. Winsor rendered to him at a time when Mr. Rogers was in the sorest affliction at the death of his daughter Millicent. The kind consideration and delicate sympathy which Mr. Winsor was able to render him at that time made a lasting impression on Mr. Rogers. With the deepest feeling in speaking of this he said: "I shall never forget it." His enemies said he never forgot an injury; his friends know he never forgot a kindness.

What he accomplished is a part of the material history of the industrial development of the country. Born 72 years ago today, he pursued the usual course of school boys up through the High school, from which he graduated in 1856, with this important difference; nothing escaped his attention, nothing ever dropped from his mind. If any unusual event occurred, if any quaint character appeared, or peculiar saying was uttered, it was lodged in his brain, never to escape, so that years after when burdened by multifarious business cares, he could relieve his mind by giving anecdote after anecdote, naming person, place, and time, which made its impress upon him, perhaps fifty or sixty years before. No old resident was ever mentioned but he could tell some story connected with him.

After leaving school, the very next day at work in the Union store, then afterwards on the railroad, he began to feel the growing pains of youth, the desire to conquer in broader fields. With the same spirit which led his forbears to pursue the whale in its wide domains, with the idea of a fortune and exciting adventure which a dozen years before had sent so many from this vicinity to seek the Golden Fleece in California, in 1860 he went to the oil regions. It was no holiday life of pampered ease which he spent in those days. No eight-hour law prevented him from doing a full day's work. Early and late he labored for the wife and children who were adding to his pleasure and responsibility. It was here in 1860 that he cast his first vote in a presidential election for Abraham Lincoln. In 1868 he entered the employ of Charles Pratt in the oil refining business in Brooklyn. For the next forty years his life is inextricably woven into the warp of the history of great organizations. He became the "Master Mind of Standard Oil." As the Times said: "Self-made man, rising by self-denial and tireless industry from humble conditions to the great place in the industrial and commercial world, and then doing good things with his millions." In his long business career, his attitude was well expressed by a writer in a New York magazine: "He never said an unkind word even of his worst enemies and he asked for no consideration." What disinterested observers at a distance thought of him is well given in the words of Sir Edward Ward: "I wish we had a few of them here (in England) to teach our people how to work and organize. They would have been in the House of Lords long ago." At a dinner given in London to Mark Twain when Mr. Rogers was last in England, he

sat next a Member of Parliament who expressed to Mr. Rogers his great pleasure in meeting a man who had been so largely instrumental in "prolonging daylight." Few realize the enormous increase in opportunity for work and for recreation by the production of a cheap illuminating oil. It added hours to the day of the people out of reach of gas illuminants. And this benefit was world-wide in its application. Abraham Lincoln would no longer be forced to pursue his studies by the uncertain light of torches plucked from the fireplace. China and India could prolong their day into the evening by the light furnished from the oil wells of Pennsylvania. I well remember the seeming incongruity of a photograph showing the interior of an Indian temple, with all the paraphernalia for pagan worship, with images of heathen gods lighted by kerosene oil lamps. When asked to write the story of Standard Oil, Mr. Rogers once said: "I am content to leave my work to the judgment of history." He was misunderstood. He felt it. No more sensitive man ever pursued a life of strenuous business. He worked on lines which he felt were justified. Never vindictive, he did what he thought was right, and played the game. The consumer, of whom we hear so much, never was injured by the Standard Oil. The price of petroleum products was vastly reduced, largely by the superb organization of which he was the Master Mind. He had ingrained the qualities which make success in every calling. He appreciated success, expected it for himself and desired it for others. If work was to be done, the best possible excuse for not accomplishing it did not meet with his approval. Something completed, however small, was vastly better than excuses for not doing

something greater. Speaking of the company with which he was associated for so many years, a writer said: "Its tremendous out-reach and conquering courage have been greatly due to the imaginative side of the temperament of Henry H. Rogers. He has inherited the pioneer spirit." Again, a banker said of him: "Henry H. Rogers loved affairs better than anything else. It was not the struggle for the sake of the fight, but for the end in view. As soon as he won, he passed on without a halt to try another tilt. He had what is important, the grit for a long clinch, and what is most important, the habit of victory."

A leading New York paper said of him at his death; "He has gone to the appraisal of history. That is discriminating and true. Those who think they understood him, can leave him there, convinced that the faults of his time will not be chargeable to him, and persuaded that the qualities of himself can confidently be left to the arbitrament of Divine and human justice."

And now, regarding his benefactions, the use which he made of the results of his incessant toil for sixty years. Naturally his gifts to Fairhaven come first to mind. One has said of him: "But it is in Fairhaven itself that he fairly revels in life as he thinks he would like to live it. There he was born and reared, and his affection for the town and the bay, and the country road, is extravagant in its manifestations." It was said of Queen Mary of England that after the French town of Calais was finally wrested from the grasp of the English who had held it for over 200 years, she exclaimed: "After my death, the name of Calais will be found engraved upon my heart." Every act of our

friend showed that with deepest lines the name of Fairhave was inscribed upon his heart. He manifested the most considerate and unremitting devotion to the town of his birth. The monuments which he reared while living were the structures which were erected to serve the interests of the townspeople. These buildings seemed progressively to care first, for the needs of the children, in the school buildings so generously supplied; then, for the older citizens in the town hall which Mrs. Rogers erected as a civic centre; and the library for all ages which was built by the children of Mr. Rogers as a memorial to their sister Millicent, and amply endowed by his generosity. The recreation ground in Cushman Park, turned over to the town as a memorial of a colonial ancestor of his family, the lavish expenditures upon the streets, the water system, which gives an endowment to the library, "finds books in the running brooks," to the Memorial church erected in memory of his mother and endowed in perpetuity, all attested the unlimited scope of his largess to the people of this town. The building of the Atlas Tack factory was projected as an industry which should directly benefit the people of the town. It was not, it manifestly could not have been undertaken in a purely commercial spirit.

The schools of Fairhaven were always close to his heart. When the new High school was about to be opened he expressed himself in these words: "For the boy starting out in life who is anxious to succeed in business I believe that the ordinary High school education is the best outfit. He is master of the ordinary implements of business life; he has at least a foundation of general knowledge. Our American High schools each cultivate a sense of greatness of the country which

inspires him with the confidence of her future, and hence in his own. The High school boy has set for him a standard of manliness, of personal honor, of good conduct, and that give-and-take which is the necessity of all civilized social conflict."

The High school building which was the last of Mr. Rogers's gifts to the town is proving every day its usefulness and great value to the youth of the town. Complete with every appliance and convenience known for modern progressive instruction, it fulfils one of the great needs of educational training. It is popular with the boys and girls of the community, so that the youth of Fairhaven, instead of being driven to school have sometimes to be driven away from school at the close of the afternoon. The building and its surroundings, and the whole atmosphere of the school are so attractive that the children stay there afternoons after the school closes at half-past one, without murmur or complaint.

To show how the young people of Fairhaven appreciate their educational opportunities, a reference might be made to the inscription upon the Rogers school building, a quotation from some remarks of Mr. Rogers in turning the building over to the school department. "To the Children of Fairhaven. The town legally possesses this building, but you, the boys and girls, are, in effect, the owners. You will see that we gave you the property, and you are to occupy it and be benefited by its use. We want you to take good care of it. We want you to show your appreciation of our work, and give expression to your good feeling toward us by neither defacing the property yourselves, nor permitting it to be done by others. As other children

enter the school, try and use your influence against their doing it, that in time they may feel a like interest and impart it to those who follow them. This seems but little to ask, and we hope the future will show, as we believe it will, that our wishes are respected and an affirmative answer is given to our request."

This friendly advice has been faithfully followed, and probably no school building in the commonwealth shows less of the wanton misuse by school children than the Rogers school of Fairhaven.

This is not the time to catalogue the list of noble charities of the man whom we honor. Every organization on both sides of the river which aimed wisely to administer and distribute assistance where needed, received regular and generous contributions by the anonymous contributor whose charity could not long be hidden.

A word only may be said of the far-reaching extent of his kindly care. Whether it was Negro education in the south, where Booker T. Washington said that 65 small country schools were being assisted by his secret contributions, or the education of Helen Keller, which he assumed, all was done unostentatiously and cheerfully. No wonder that Booker T. Washington said: "He was one of the best and the greatest men I have ever met, and it seems to me one of the greatest men of his day or age." Of his benefaction to Helen Keller, Mr. Geoghegan said: "Of all the beautiful tributes that have ever been paid to a man, there is none more touching than the letter written by Helen Keller, a soul embodying everything that is beautiful. I can't think that a man with anything selfish or mean in him could have won the confidence of that blind girl." In the vivid word painting, which is sometimes

granted to the blind, she said: "How glad I am that I can tell the world of Mr. Rogers's kindness to me. He had the imagination, the vision, and the heart of a great man, and I count it one of the most precious privileges of my life to have had him for my friend. The memory of his friendship will grow sweeter and brighter each year, until he takes my hand again, and we gather roses together in the gardens of Paradise."

The Kanawha revisits our port no more. The welcome sight of her beautifully moulded hull gladdens not our straining sight. It sometimes seems, so frequent was her path to Fairhaven, that like the loved doctor's horse which finds unguided the path to the patient's door, she would perforce find her own way past the Hen and Chickens lightship, past Dumpling light and Butler's flat, and drop anchor again in the deep hole off the Tack Works wharf. In going over the bridge we almost expect any day again to see the beautiful craft with her rakish smoke stack and her lofty spars delighting the vision of all, but no, her proud owner rests by the side of the river in the beautiful home of those whose trials are over.

It is for us, the living, to see that the loyalty to our town so wonderfully shown by our friend be perpetuated by those who survive, that while we honor his memory, we do all that we can do to make that honor and respect efficient. In this hundredth year of the independent life of our loved town, we should pledge our sacred honor to use to the best advantage the exceptional opportunities made possible by his benefactions, and by making it a fitter place to live in, yield to his memory the meed of appreciation which is his due. In this way we honor him by honoring ourselves.

Transfer of the Monument to the Town.

MR. THOMAS A. TRIPP,

Chairman Finance Committee.

Four score and two years after the corporate birthday of this town, the citizens gathered in this hall to formally dedicate this building to the business uses and agreeable recreations of the people of Fairhaven.

That was a memorable occasion, a beautiful day, a notable gathering. His Excellency, Frederick T. Greenhalge, the governor of the commonwealth, spoke eloquently from this platform. New Bedford's distinguished citizen, Hon. William W. Crapo, in charming words of wisdom and counsel, formally presented the keys of this building to the officials of the town.

Mark Twain, that world famous man of letters, by manner, expression and language, charmed, captivated and convulsed his audience, as only the manner, expression, language, wit and humor of Mark Twain could convulse an audience.

Now we are gathered for another dedication. Some of those who were present on the former occasion are here today. Some of those who took part in those exercises sit in this audience; but we miss one among our number*—of conspicuous figure, of manly bearing; one whose dignity and ability added wisdom to the counsels of business; whose voice and manner, and rare judgment helped to guide and refine the action of political gatherings, and of those typical New England town meetings so frequently held within these walls.

*The reference is to Mr. Walter P. Winsor, an intimate friend of Mr. Rogers and the chairman of the Memorial Committee. His death occurred December 8, 1911, before the completion of the monument.

I say we miss him tonight—his place should have been on this platform, presiding over this meeting, or more fitting still, with his presence and ability fully filling the position I reluctantly occupy, and formally presenting this monument in which he took so deep an interest, to the officials of the town.

But such was not to be, for a few short weeks ago we bore his manly form to quiet rest on the western slope of yonder New England hillside, so near to that of his dearest friend whose monument we gather here to dedicate tonight.

How shall we best dedicate this monument? Certainly not by words which men will little note nor long remember, but rather by here dedicating ourselves to the unfinished work remaining before us; by dedicating ourselves here to the problems of this town, and the commonwealth, problems which were never greater than they are today in Fairhaven and in New England.

What these problems are it is unnecessary for me to state, anyone who has arrived to years of understanding, who walks the streets and reads the papers, can decide for himself.

The monument is finished, the life which it commemorates has passed, but the influence of that life as manifested in the great benefactions to Fairhaven has only just begun.

Stranger, friend, if you seek an influence of that life look around you. This building is a conspicuous example of enlightened liberality, not only refined in its architecture but highly practical for the purposes intended. Do we pattern our citizenship after the idea manifested in the beauty and utility of the stone and

brick and wood or do we move along the lines of least resistance, and prefer leisure to civic duty, and personal comfort to public prosperity?

Do we, and will we, and will those who come after us gain inspiration from the beauty and harmony of this environment, and earnestly and honestly strive to discharge the duties of citizenship with highest patriotism, free from petty jealousies and political bickerings?

May we pass across the way; stranger, friend, if you seek an influence of that remarkable life, look about you on shelves laden with the books of the world's best literature. Are we making best use of that grand influence of great and good literature or are the calls too frequent for the latest sensation? The influence is there, the opportunity is ours. Will we all avail ourselves?

Let us go near the monument itself, where is displayed in significant contrast the three examples of educational facilities in Fairhaven, one of them like unto 'a city set upon a hill which cannot be hid.' Stranger, friend, if you seek an influence for good beyond all possibility of description look about you! And near the school the church spire stands—that church of maternal memory, differing from some others in theological tenets like as one star differs from another star in glory, yet all of the same firmament, lighting the world; as one flower may differ from another in color and form and fragrance, but all from the same soil, and all brought into bloom and beauty by the same everlasting sunshine.

Stranger, and friend, if you seek an influence look about you upon the opportunities and responsi-

bilities of the worshippers on yonder corner. May they appreciate both the opportunities and responsibilities, and as much as in them lies help to hasten the approach of that day when 'the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters do the sea.'

In the spirit of appreciation of these great benefactions and their far-reaching influences many of the present, and some of the former residents, have joined their voluntary contributions for the erection of this monument. The funds have been contributed absolutely without personal solicitation; they came from individuals, organizations, associations, from club, church, lodge, society and school, and represent a widespread appreciation of the gifts we all enjoy.

The committee has finished its work; acting on behalf of this committee, and through it on behalf of all the contributors, I ask you, Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen of the Board of Selectmen, as representing the inhabitants, to accept this monument, as a sacred trust, to remain under your charge and in the care of your successors in office forever, as a perpetual memorial from a grateful people to Henry Huttleston Rogers.

Acceptance of Monument by the Town.

MR. CHARLES P. MAXFIELD,

Chairman Board of Selectmen.

Mr. Chairman and members of the memorial committee, you have had erected on Huttleston avenue a memorial to the memory of Fairhaven's truest friend and greatest benefactor. It stands as a silent reminder to future generations as a mark of our gratitude and esteem to one who has done so much for his native town. He has left us an example of unselfish devotion in the making and beautifying of his boyhood home, which we have the privilenge of appreciating and enjoying.

In accepting this tribute of appreciation we trust the future citizens of our town will manifest the same interest and zeal in protecting it as the present citizens have in erecting it.

And now, gentlemen of the committe, in behalf of the citizens of the town of Fairhaven, we the Board of Selectmen, accept this memorial erected to the memory of Henry Huttleston Rogers.